



MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

No 67

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

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He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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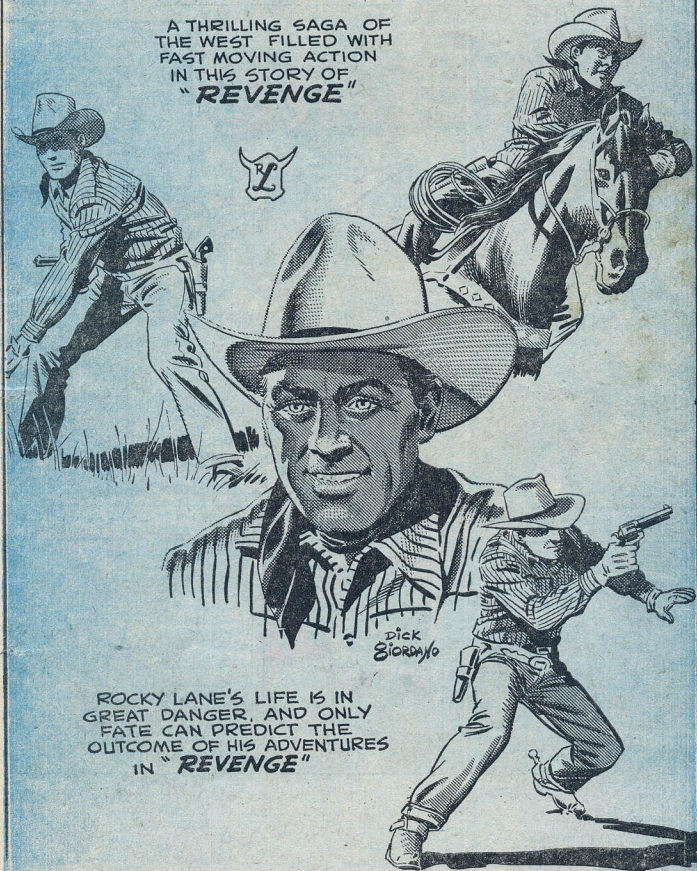
Printed in the U.S.A.

IN THIS ISSUE....

Rocky Lane

ROCKY LANE,
SECRET MARSHAL,
FIGHTS FOR LAW
AND ORDER IN
ACTION-PACKED
WESTERN THRILLERS.

A THRILLING SAGA OF
THE WEST FILLED WITH
FAST MOVING ACTION
IN THIS STORY OF
"REVENGE"



ROCKY LANE'S LIFE IS IN
GREAT DANGER, AND ONLY
FATE CAN PREDICT THE
OUTCOME OF HIS ADVENTURES
IN "REVENGE"



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LaRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This Is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Rocky Lane

in the

REVENGE

CHAPTER ONE - OUTLAW RUSE

WHEN A MAN WHOSE DAYS ARE NUMBERED DECIDES ON HIS STRANGE MACABRE REVENGE, ROCKY LANE FINDS HIS LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER!

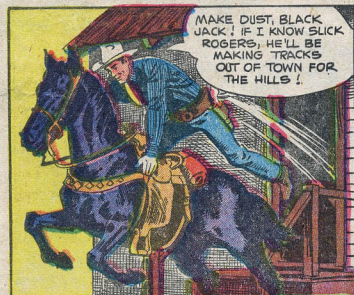
DEEP IN THE HILLS, A GAUNT MAN OWLY LEAVES A HIDEAWAY!

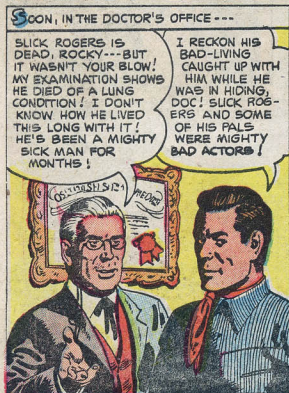
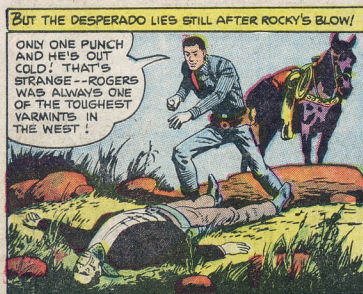
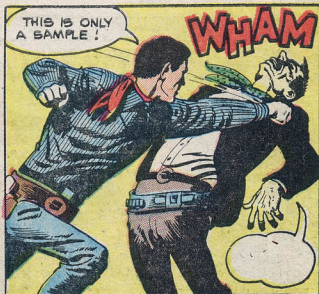
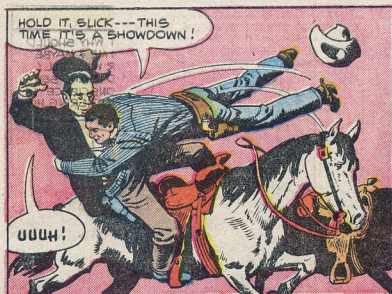
RECKON I'LL--(COUGH-COUGH)-- GIT TO TOWN BY--(COUGH)--- THE AFTERNOON MAIL--(COUGH)!

I-- (COUGH-COUGH)-- AIN'T GOT MUCH-- TIME--(COUGH)--- LEFT!

MANY HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN OF RIVEREDGE---

WHOA, BOY--(COUGH)! HERE WE ARE--(COUGH-COUGH)---THE POST OFFICE!





AND LATER, AT THE POST OFFICE---

SO HE MAILED
SOME LETTERS,
EH, CLEM?

YEP! DON'T RECALL HOW MANY,
BUT THEY'VE GONE WITH THE LAST
MAIL! BUT THIS ONE AND THIS
PACKAGE STAYED --- THEY'RE
ADDRESSED TO YOU, MARSHAL!



AND WHEN ROCKY OPENS THE PACKAGE---

LEAPIN'
LIZARDS!...
GOLD!

STOLEN GOLD, CLEM! BUT WHY SHOULD
ROGERS SEND IT TO ME? MAYBE
THIS LETTER WILL TELL!
I'LL READ IT AND SEE
IF HIS CONSCIENCE
WAS BOTHERING HIM!



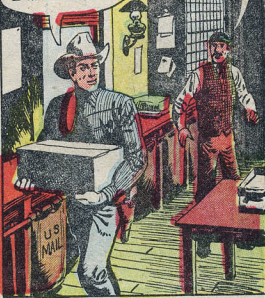
Rocky Lane:--
This here gold has
brought me bad luck
ever since I took it.
I'm leaving it to
you. It will do the
same for you. I
figure you will catch
me soon. I ain't well,
but I will have the
last laugh. You
will see.
Slick Rogers

A MIGHTY ODD LETTER, CLEM,
BUT I RECKON IT'S THE LAST
DEFIANT GESTURE OF A DYING
DESPERADO! I'LL TAKE THE
GOLD TO THE OFFICE NOW!

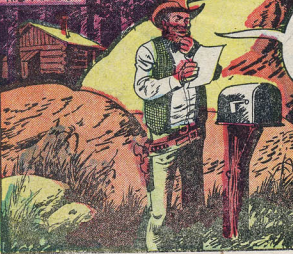


I'LL COUNT THIS GOLD AND KEEP IT AT
THE OFFICE! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT
WHICH OF ROGERS' VICTIMS IT RIGHT-
FULLY BELONGS TO!
MEANWHILE, WIRE
THE CHIEF MARSHAL
IN DAWSON THAT
I HAVE IT!

RIGHT, ROCKY!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN ANOTHER COUNTY, A BEARDED MAN READS
HIS MAIL!



DEAR RED, I'M A
SICK MAN AND WILL
NOT LIVE LONG. THE
GOLD WE FELL OUT
OVER IS AT THE
MARSHAL'S OFFICE
AT RIVEREDGE. I
CAN'T TAKE IT WITH
ME SO YOU'RE
WELCOME TO IT...
SLICK.



THE MARSHAL'S
OFFICE, EH? I'LL
GIT STARTED
RIGHT AWAY!
MEBSSE SLICK
WROTE THE
OTHERS,
TOO!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN TWO OTHER HIDE-
AWAYS, TWO MORE MEN RECEIVE LETTERS!

THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE
IN RIVEREDGE, EH? I
GOTTA GIT THAR FIRST!

I ALWAYS KNEW I'D GIT
THAT GOLD SOMEDAY!



AND MOMENTS LATER, TWO RIDERS GALLOP OFF...



THE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT, AND
IN RIVEREDGE, ROCKY LANE
PREPARES TO RETIRE.

I'M--(YAWN)--TIRED TONIGHT!
ALL DAY I'VE BEEN FIGURING
HOW TO DIVIDE THAT GOLD
FAIRLY AMONG ROGERS'
VICTIMS!



I'LL GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP AND WORK ON IT
AGAIN IN THE MORNING!



BUT LATER, AS ROCKY SLEEPS---

THERE HE IS--
ASLEEP! THE GOLD
MUST BE IN THE
SAFE!



WHAT'S THAT...? WHO'S
THERE?

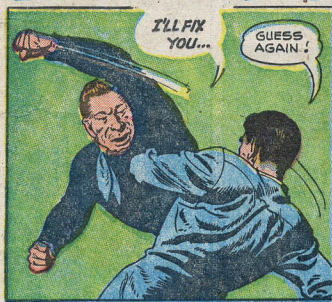
HE HEARD
ME! I'LL HAVE
TO MOVE
FAST!

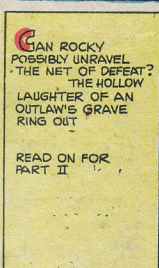
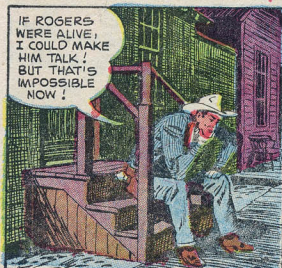
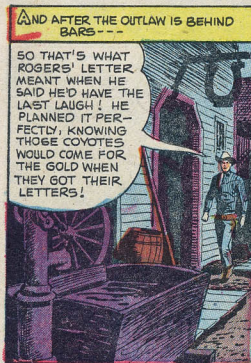


THIS'LL KEEP YUH
QUIET!

UUUH!







HEY KIDS!!

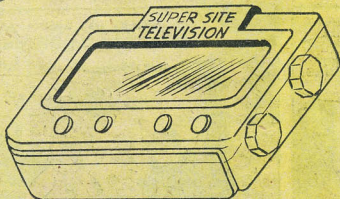
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8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends

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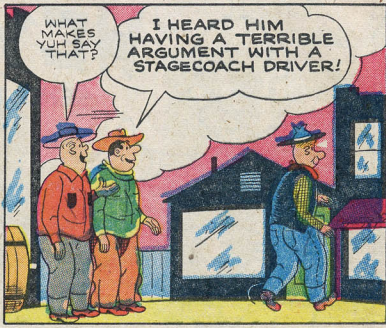
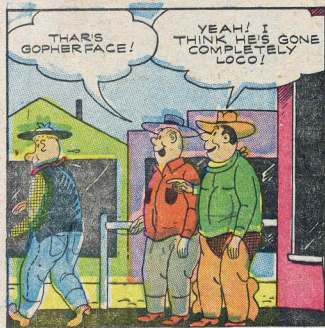
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IN BIG
ARGUMENT!



EXTRA!! the BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

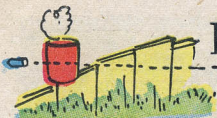
THE BLUE BEETLE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AMERICA'S CRUSADER
OF
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢

DEAD SHOT



TWO MORE guns let go.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Whhhizzzzzz!

Buzz Tricklin ducked the flying bullets and laid spurs to his cayuse. He risked a glance back. The sheriff of Necktie Rim and his deputy weren't far behind. Buzz groaned. He was an expert shot, but there wasn't any use answering fire when he had to turn on a bucking horse. It looked like the beginning of the end—the end being a cheap funeral at the expense of the county. Buzz was almost sorry he'd busted into that bank in Necktie Rim. Not for a long time had he had such a close brush with the law. But he didn't think the Sheriff had got more than a slight look at him.

More shots came whistling by.

Clunk!

The last bag of gold Buzz had taken from the bank hit the ground behind him. His horse immediately responded to the lightened load. Within minutes he drew out of range, pulled up, behind a rock and waited. There was a thunder of hoofs as the Sheriff and his deputy shot by. Buzz immediately took off in a different direction—toward Thunderstone.

He was surprised to find it a fairly large town. He hitched his cayuse to a rail outside the saloon and walked up the steps. At the entrance he paused, looking over the swinging doors, sweeping the room. No, he knew no one inside. It was a quiet crowd, mostly nesters and ranch hands.

He strode up to the bar.

Beside him, two well-dressed men were talking about money. Buzz instantly pricked up his ears. He needed money. All he had left was a fifty-cent piece.

"I don't trust those men we hired for guards," one man said. "But the bank shipment's got to get to the county capital. Too bad we haven't got Dead-Shot Burns around to keep an eye on the gold."

The other nodded vigorously.

"Only honest man I ever heard of. But Dead-Shot's up in Nevada. Never came down this way. If he did, I'd give him a job keeping an eye on our gold shipments at any price he asked!"

"Little guy, wasn't he?" The first asked. "Never saw him myself."

"I never did either, but he had a reputation. Short little feller, handle-bar moustaches. Always chewed tobacco." The second man heaved a sigh. "No use, we'll have to ship the gold anyway."

A bright light burst suddenly in Buzz Tricklin's brain. He looked covertly at himself in the bar mirror. What he saw was a short man with handlebar moustaches, tough as nails. Buzz hated chewing tobacco, but he saw a packaged container down the bar. Sliding down he bought a chaw, stuffed it in his mouth and took his place again.

"Beg pardon, pardner!" Buzz said, deliberately bumping into the first man he'd heard talk. He raised his hat politely. "Buy you a drink!" He put out his hand. "My name's Dead-Shot Burns. Just got into town!"

The other and the man beside him raised their eyebrows.

"Dead-Shot Burns did you say?"

"Yep," Buzz acknowledged, chewing his tobacco with a fair imitation of enthusiasm. "Heard things were pretty bad down in Thunderstone and Necktie Rim country. Came down to see if I could help."

In two minutes he had a job.

The two bank officials—Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Trapper—took Buzz right down to the bank. They explained the situation to him. All he had to do was keep an eye on the gold and on the two hired guards, convoy the gold to the county capital and see it safely deposited.

"You mean you can't trust 'em?" Buzz asked, shocked, whispering behind one hand.

"Can't trust anybody around here," Mr. Trapper replied, careful not to be overheard. "We pay our hired guards well, but I've never heard of the man yet who could carry fifty thousand in gold and not reckon his chances for running away with it." He paused and bowed. "Except you, of course, Dead Shot!"

Fifty thousand dollars! Buzz smiled inwardly. His plan was clear. Since he was keeping an eye on the shipment, all he had to do was wait until a suitable spot was reached, then go

for his hog-legs.

The shipment was taken down to the Sheriff's office, sealed up officially, witnessed and then slung in gold-packs over the saddle horn of a pack horse.

Buzz made for his own nag.

"Slap saddle, boys," he called to the two hired guards, an eye on their Winchesters. He'd have to be mighty careful to keep them from whipping the deadly rifles around at the wrong time.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Kenyon said, as the group stood outside the Sheriff's office. Two men were riding hard down the street.

The Sheriff of Thunderstone grinned.

"That's Sheriff Basby of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz Tricklin's heart gave a sudden leap. His eyes swerved from side to side. Then he remembered that Basby hadn't got more than a perfunctory glance at his face. He reckoned he was safe.

Basby came up with his deputy and explained. It seemed they'd both been chasing a pack robber all the way from Necktie Rim. Somewhere along the way they'd lost him. Had anybody seen a lobo with larceny in his eyes? Nobody had.

"Sorry to hurry you boys," Mr. Trapper said. "But you'd better be on your way. That gold has got to get where it's going, fast."

"Reckon we'll ride along," Sheriff Basby said. "Keep you company and be extra protection."

Buzz Tricklin got on his cayuse. He was feeling like the last stages of a deadly illness. All his fine plans had dissolved into thin air. Handling two bank guards was tough enough, but with a Sheriff and a deputy thrown in, he couldn't see his way clear to get that fifty thousand in gold. For an instant he was tempted to really play at being Dead Shot Burns for a couple of weeks and earn some honest money. But he shuddered at the thought.

The convoy rode out of town. Buzz kept his eyes on the Sheriff who rode in front of him. Sheriff Basby, he concluded, was a wary character who had an itchy trigger finger for badmen. The same went for the deputy who rode behind, with the two bank guards and the pack horse. Buzz kept his mouth shut and thought how hard it was for a bank robber who only wanted a chance to earn a little dishonest money.

About five miles from the county capital they entered a narrow gorge. Buzz sat disconsolately on his cayuse as the convoy rattled through. When they got to the other side, they

had to ride through a stand of thick pine. Suddenly he heard a hoarse shout and a thud of hoofs.

"They got my gun!" Basby's deputy yelled. "They got the pack horse! Stop 'em!"

So the bank guards had been crooked! Buzz wasn't excited at the thought. Then the Sheriff looked back and yelled.

"Gun 'em down!"

Buzz looked at the Sheriff sourly. After all, why should he get mad at a couple of fellow-operators. Vaguely he even wished them good luck. Then, just as they passed him, thundering by, one of them side-swiped his head with a gun butt. Buzz saw stars for an instant. After that he saw red.

The Sheriff was firing, but too slowly. With the pack horse in tow, the two renegade guards were getting away, high, wide and handsome. Coolly, Buzz drew and fired. He fired only four times. Two hundred yards away, the fleeing men drew up and stopped. Men can't ride horses when both arms have bullets in them!

"Good shootin'!" the Sheriff commented, as, with the two renegade guards attended to and tied upon their horses, they proceeded again toward their destination. "What did you say your name was?"

"Dead Shot Burns," Buzz remarked. He was figuring how, with the odds cut down he could grab the money.

Then he looked up into the muzzle of Sheriff Basby's guns. Basby's deputy rode up behind him and silently lifted his hog-legs out of their holsters.

"You got me wrong, Basby!" Buzz began, his spine icy.

"No I haven't," Basby said. "If you're Dead-Shot Burns, I'm a cottonwood tree!"

"I just proved I was, didn't I?" Buzz asked desperately. "Knocked off those two hombres at two hundred yards, didn't I?"

"**D**EAD-Shot Burns couldn't hit the side of a mountain at fifty paces with a gun," the Sheriff said grimly. "He got that nickname just for a joke. What he was really known for was his honesty. You look a little like Dead Shot, but when I saw you shoot those owl hoots I knew you couldn't be." Basby leaned closer. "But come to think of it, pardner, I've seen you somewhere—this afternoon, for instance, high-tailin' it out of Necktie Rim!"

Buzz sighed. He could see the bars in his cell already!

THE END

Rocky Lane

"REVENGE"

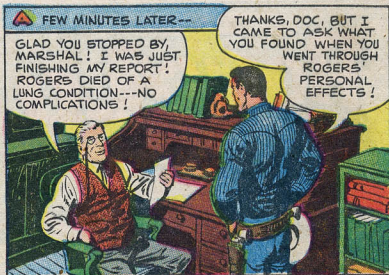
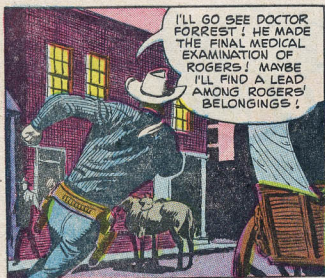
CHAPTER TWO - DANGER MAPS THE TRAIL

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START! ROGERS MAY HAVE SENT ANY HOODLUM ONE OF THOSE LETTERS SAYING HE'D LEFT THE GOLD WITH ME!

FROM OUT OF THE GRAVE, THE DEAD OUTLAW'S VENGEFUL PLOT COMES TRUE! ROCKY LANE IS FACED WITH THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF FINDING WHO THE DEAD MAN SENT TO STEAL THE GOLD HE LEFT WITH ROCKY!

OR HE MAY HAVE SENT A HUNDRED! THE POSTMAN SAID HE DOESN'T REMEMBER HOW MANY ROGERS MAILED WHEN HE SENT MINE!

BUT WAIT---I DO KNOW HE SENT TWO, ONE TO THE VARMINT WHO DRY-GULCHED ME AND TOOK THE GOLD, THE OTHER TO TEX TANKER! AND TANKER WAS ONE OF ROGERS' OLD GANG BEFORE THEY BROKE UP!



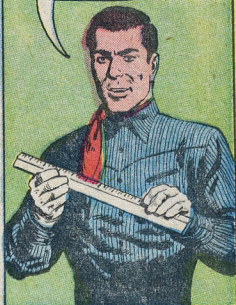
ROGERS MUST HAVE SENT THREE LETTERS, ONE TO TEX TANKER, WHOM I'VE ALREADY NABBED! IT'S ONE OF THE OTHER TWO WHO HAS THE GOLD!



BY THE ADDRESSES IN THIS BOOK, ROGERS' THREE LETTERS WENT TO THESE PLACES! ALL THREE ARE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE HILL COUNTRY. ALL LETTERS WERE MAILED AT ONCE, SO THEY ALL REACHED THEIR DESTINATIONS AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME!



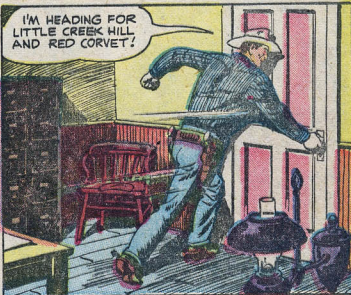
FIGURING ALL THREE VARMINTS LEFT THEIR HIDE-OUTS AT THE SAME TIME, NONE OF THEM COULD REACH MY OFFICE HERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL!



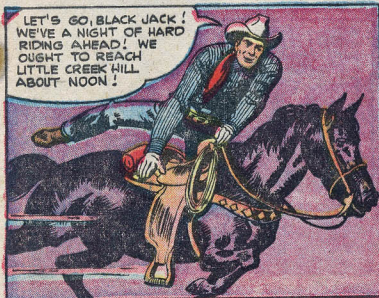
BUT THE VARMINT LIVING THE NEAREST WOULD NATURALLY GET HERE FIRST, AND BY MY RULER THAT MAKES IT--RED CORVET! SO HE'S THE ONE WITH THE GOLD NOW!



I'M HEADING FOR LITTLE CREEK HILL AND RED CORVET!



LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'VE A NIGHT OF HARD RIDING AHEAD! WE OUGHT TO REACH LITTLE CREEK HILL ABOUT NOON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE THIRD COVOTE IN ROGERS' BOOK--GYF FALLS, BUT I RECKON I'LL MEET UP WITH HIM SOON ENOUGH!

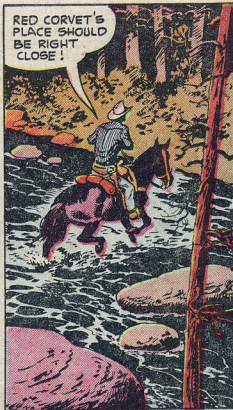


RIDING THROUGH THE NIGHT,
ROCKY REACHES HIS DESTINATION!

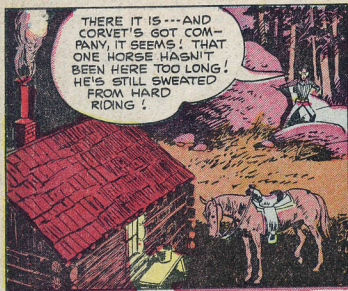
EASY DOES IT,
BLACK JACK!
THIS IS LITTLE
CREEK HILL!

RED CORVET'S
PLACE SHOULD
BE RIGHT
CLOSE!

WHOA, BLACK JACK!
SMOKE JUST AHEAD,
FROM A CABIN, I'D
SAY! I'LL GO
AFOOT FROM
HERE!



THERE IT IS ---AND
CORVET'S GOT COM-
PANY, IT SEEMS! THAT
ONE HORSE HASN'T
BEEN HERE TOO LONG!
HE'S STILL SWEATED
FROM HARD
RIDING!



CAREFULLY, ROCKY CREEPS TO THE LITTLE CABIN!

WHAT IF SUCK ROGERS DID
SEND US ALL LETTERS? HE
LEFT IT UP TO THE BEST
OF US TO GIT THE GOLD!

I SAY HE MEANT
FER US TO SHARE
IT, AND YOU'RE
GONNA SHARE IT
WITH ME!



I GOT THERE JUST
AFTER TEX! I SAW
ROCKY LANE NAB HIM!
THAT MAKES IT JUST
A TWO-WAY SPLIT---
YOU AND ME!

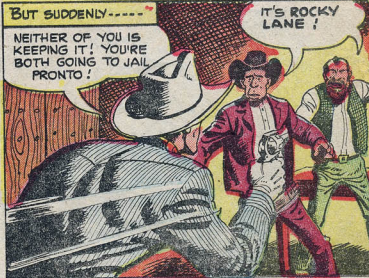
STOP WASTIN' YORE
BREATH, GYP! I'VE
GOT THE GOLD AND
I'M KEEPIN' IT! WITH
SLICK DEAD, NOBODY'S
GONNA FIND OUT WHO
HAS IT!

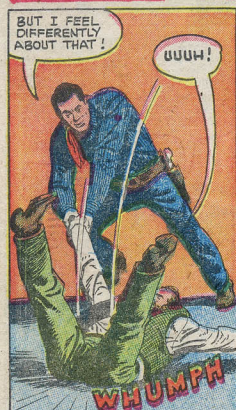
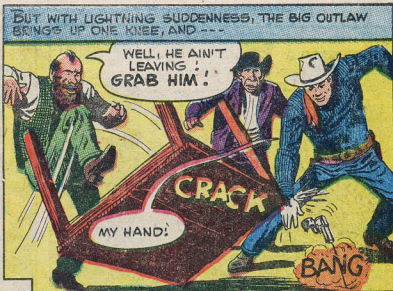
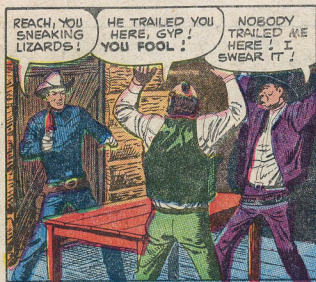


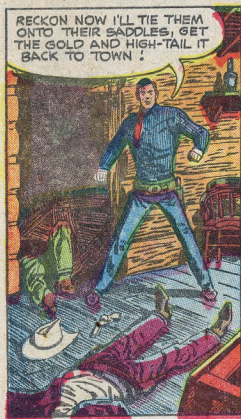
BUT SUDDENLY----

NEITHER OF YOU IS
KEEPING IT! YOU'RE
BOTH GOING TO JAIL
PRONTO!

IT'S ROCKY
LANE!









ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



"ROCKY" WITH BLACK JACK

HOWDY, PARTNERS,

IF I'M WEARING A SMILE BIGGER THAN USUAL THIS MONTH, IT'S BECAUSE I SAW BILL HOWARD TODAY. HE'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND FEELING FIT AS A FIDDLE AGAIN. AND EVEN BETTER THAN THAT, HE'S LEARNED SOMETHING HE WON'T EVER FORGET.

YOU SEE, PARTNERS, BILL HOWARD WAS ALWAYS SORT OF A TOO-SMART-FOR-HIS-OWN-GOOD HOMBRE. HE NEVER BELIEVED IN LISTENING TO WHAT OTHER FOLKS WARNED HIM. BILL ALWAYS SAID HE WASN'T AFRAID OF ANY HORSE THAT LIVED. THERE WASN'T A HORSE HE COULDN'T HANDLE IN JIG-TIME! WELL, NOW, ANY SENSIBLE COWHAND KNOWS THAT A HORSE DOESN'T USUALLY TAKE TO A STRANGERER RIGHT AWAY. HE'S GOT TO GET TO KNOW YOU FIRST. YOU'VE GOT TO TALK TO HIM, LET HIM GIVE YOU A GOOD LOOKING OVER AND THEN MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM. AFTER THAT, WHY IT'S USUALLY ALL RIGHT.


BUT BILL HOWARD NEVER BELIEVED IN THAT. WHEN HE SAW A HORSE HE LIKED, HE'D GO RIGHT OVER--SLAP HIS NECK OR WITHERS, SOME-TIMES SWING RIGHT UP ON THE SADDLE. SURE, I TOLD HIM MANY TIMES, MYSELF, NOT TO DO THAT. BUT HE KEPT ON DOING IT, TILL THAT DAY. CY FRITCH HAD BROUGHT HIS NEW HORSE INTO THE STABLES AND BILL WENT IN TO SEE HIM. CY SAID STAY AWAY TILL HE GETS TO KNOW YOU, BUT BILL DIDN'T LISTEN. HE WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE HORSE WITH A ROUGH AND READY AIR. NEXT THING WE KNEW THAT HORSE HAD REARED UP AND AWAY FROM BILL. BUT BILL STILL CAME AT HIM, AND THEN THE HORSE GOT ANGRY. HE TRAMPLED BILL HOWARD PRETTY BAD BEFORE WE COULD PULL BILL FROM THE STABLE. IT WASN'T THE HORSE THAT WAS TO BLAME. HE WAS MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYTHING. IT WAS BILL'S OWN FOOLISHNESS.

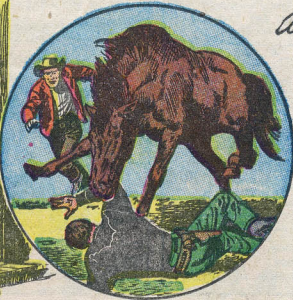
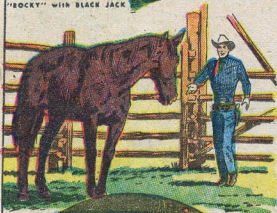
I'VE SEEN THE SAME THING WITH SOME FOLKS WALKING ALONG THE STREET. THEY SEE A PERFECTLY STRANGE DOG AND RUSH RIGHT UP TO HIM. IF THEY KEEP DOING THAT, THEY'LL MEET THE SAME FATE BILL HOWARD DID. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO RUSH UP TO ANY ANIMAL WITHOUT FIRST LETTING HIM GET TO KNOW YOU AND MAKE FRIENDS.

BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ON NOW, PARTNERS. THANKS AGAIN FOR ALL THOSE GRAND LETTERS. BLACK JACK AND I SURE DO APPRECIATE THEM. TILL NEXT MONTH, THEN, IT'S SO LONG AND GOOD RIDING!

YOUR PAIS,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

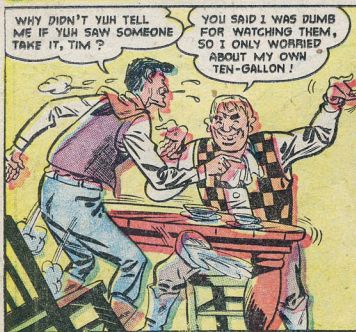
AND BLACK JACK 

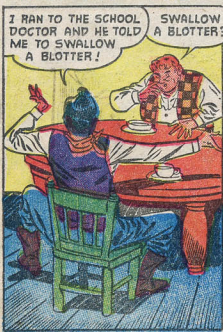


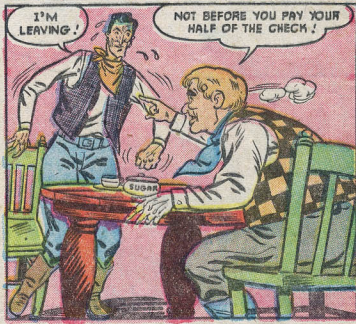
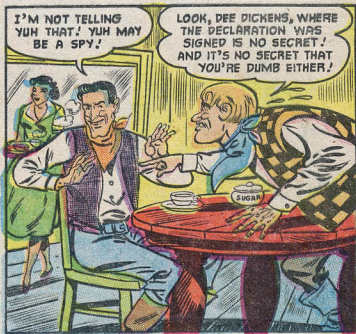
DEE DICKENS

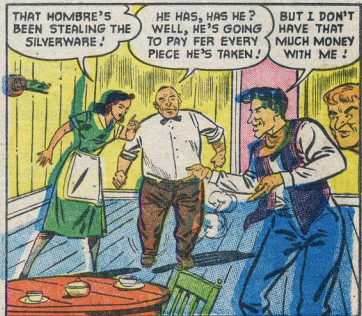
IN

THE LAST GULP









GOOD FORMULA

HOWDY, CHAMBERS, I WONDER IF YUH CAN GIVE ME SOME ADVICE? I'VE BEEN INVITED TO TALK AT A TOWN HALL MEETING!

WELL, WHAT DO YUH WANT TO KNOW?

WHAT IS THE FORMULA FOR A GOOD SPEECH?

OH, I CAN TELL YUH THAT ---

---HAVE A GOOD BEGINNING AND A GOOD ENDING, AND KEEP THEM CLOSE TOGETHER!

QUIZ...

GET YOUR THINKING CAP ON AND TRY TO BEAT THE QUIZMASTER! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT; 4 CORRECT, VERY GOOD; 3 CORRECT, GOOD; 2 CORRECT, FAIR; 1 CORRECT, POOR.

1 MINNESOTA IS KNOWN AS THE STATE OF 10,000 LAKES.

☐ True ☐ False



4 A MAUSOLEUM IS AN ORNATE TOMB.

☐ True ☐ False



2 THE SNAKE RIVER CANYON BETWEEN IDAHO AND OREGON IS DEEPER THAN THE GRAND CANYON.

3 WOODROW WILSON FOLLOWED THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.

☐ True ☐ False



5 THE MAUSOLEUM WAS NAMED AFTER MUS-SOLINI.

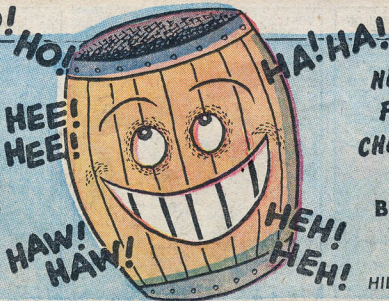
☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS: 1. TRUE, 2. TRUE, 3. FALSE, 4. TRUE, 5. FALSE. IT WAS NAMED AFTER ROOSEVELT. H. TRUE.

FOLLOW THE FUN WITH

FUNNY ANIMALS

COMIC MAGAZINE



NEW AND FUNNIER CHARACTERS!

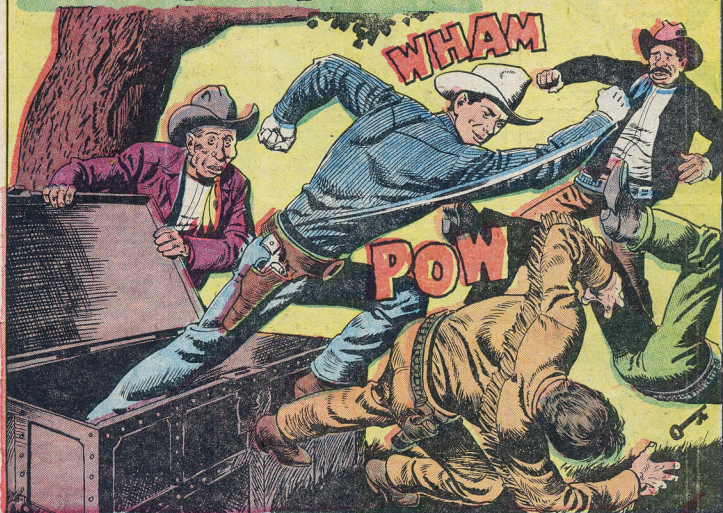
and a
BARREL OF LAUGHS
ON EACH
HILARIOUS PAGE!

10¢ BUY A COPY ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

Rocky Lane

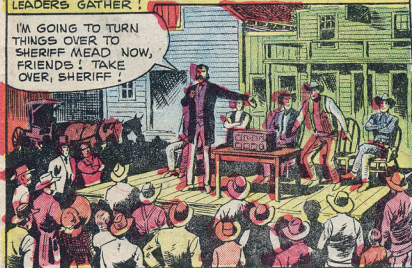
"REVENGE"

IT TAKES A REAL MAN---A MAN AMONG MEN---TO DELIBERATELY COURT THE DARK SHADOW OF DEATH! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE DOES, WITH HIS FAITHFUL STALLION, BLACK JACK, BY HIS SIDE AS HE BATTLES DEATH!



IN THE FRONTIER SETTLER'S TOWN OF RED DUST, THE CIVIC LEADERS GATHER!

I'M GOING TO TURN THINGS OVER TO SHERIFF MEAD NOW, FRIENDS! TAKE OVER, SHERIFF!



THANK YOU, MAYOR, AS YOU ALL KNOW, THIS HERE STRONG BOX CONTAINS ALL THE CLAIMS TO THE NEW TERRITORY YOU SETTLERS HAVE JUST STAKED OUT!

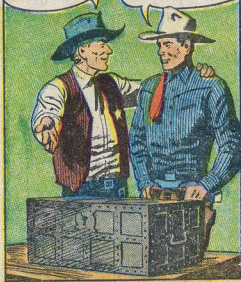


THE CLAIMS INSIDE THIS BOX MUST BE RUSHED TO THE CLAIMS OFFICE IN DEXTER COUNTY! THAT IMPORTANT MISSION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE MAN WHO CAN DO IT IF ANYONE CAN---MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!



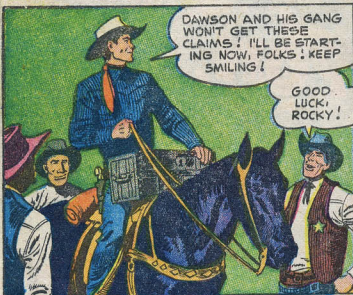
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, ROCKY, THAT DAKOTA DAWSON AND HIS THIEVIN' VARMINTS WILL BE AFTER THIS BOX!

I KNOW, SHERIFF! IF THEY GET IT, THEY'LL CHANGE THE CLAIMS TO THEIR OWN NAMES AND FILE THEM!



BUT THEY WON'T, SHERIFF MEAD! THE LAND CLAIMS OF THE TOWNSFOLK WILL REACH THE CLAIMS OFFICE!

WE'RE ALL COUNTING ON YOU, ROCKY!



DAWSON AND HIS GANG WON'T GET THESE CLAIMS! I'LL BE STARTING NOW, FOLKS! KEEP SMILING!

GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!

SOON AFTER, ROCKY AND BLACK JACK RACE THROUGH THE HILLS WITH THE IRON BOX OF CLAIMS!



KEEP THOSE HOOFS MOVING, BLACK JACK! DAKOTA DAWSON MIGHT BE OUT TO CORRAL US AT ANY TIME!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON A RIDGE ABOVE---

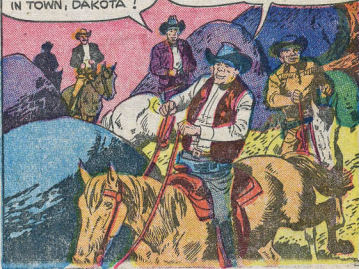
THERE'S HIM, DAKOTA! I TRAILED HIM INTO THE HILLS FROM TOWN-- LIKE YUH TOLD ME TO!

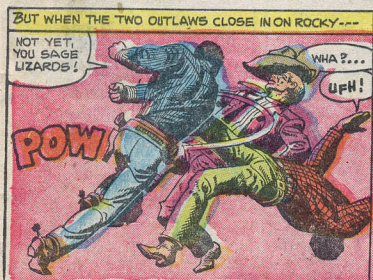
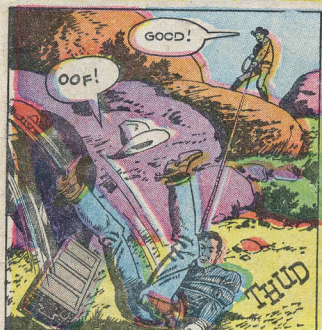
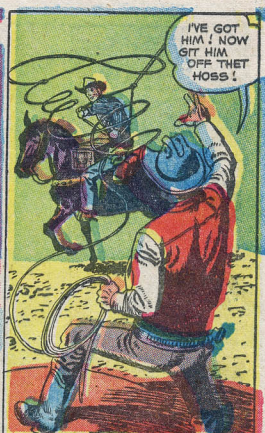
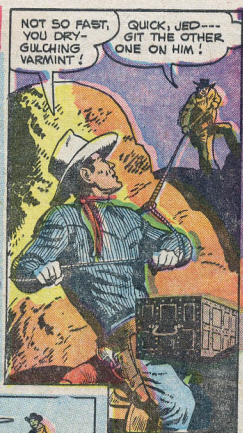
I TOLD YUH HE'D COME THROUGH THE HILLS! IT'S THE FASTEST ROUTE TO DEXTER COUNTY!

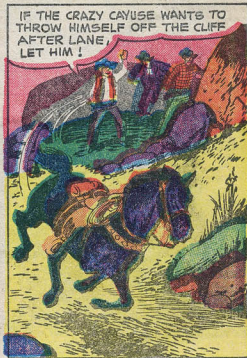
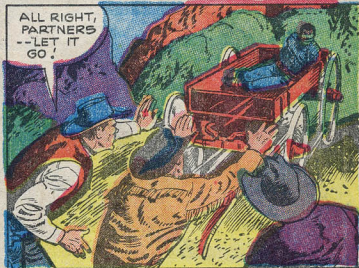
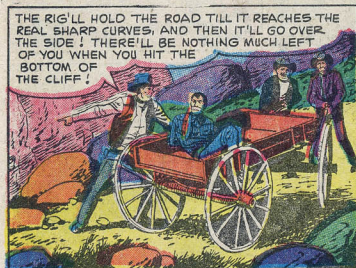
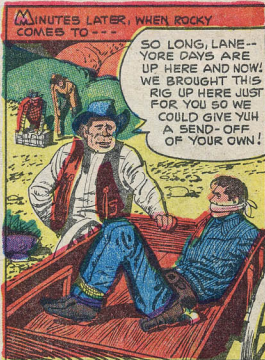


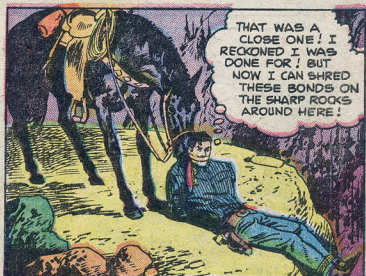
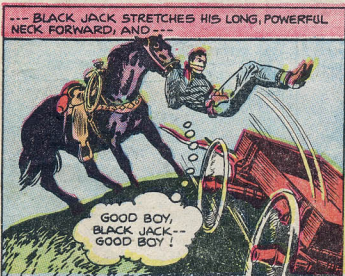
THEY SURE MADE HIS SEND-OFF A BIG ONE IN TOWN, DAKOTA!

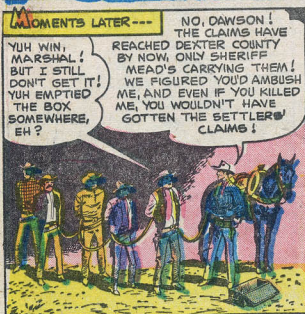
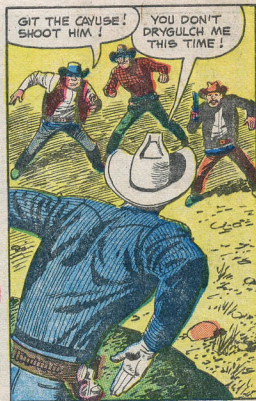
THEY'LL BE SORRY! C'MON, LET'S GIT THOSE CLAIMS!











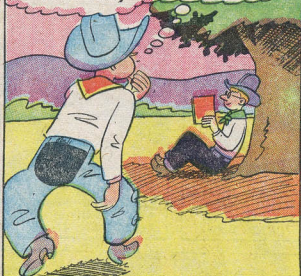
ONCE AGAIN, ROCKY AND HIS FAITHFUL STEED HAVE TEAMED UP TO MAKE THE WEST SAFE FOR DECENT FOLKS!

FOLLOW THEIR ADVENTURES EVERY MONTH IN ROCKY LANE WESTERN!

SAGE BRUSH

"WIDE AWAKE READER"

THAT'S BAKER READING AGAIN!
HYAR'S WHAR I HAVE SOME FUN
WITH HIM!



HOWDY, BAKER! ARE YUH
READING ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE MYSTERY
STORIES?

THAT'S
RIGHT,
SAGEBRUSH!



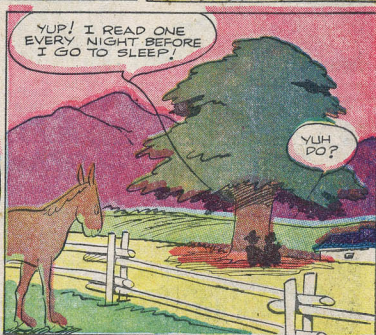
I LIKE MYSTERY
AND DETECTIVE
STORIES, TOO!

IS THAT
SO?



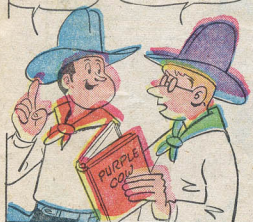
YUP! I READ ONE
EVERY NIGHT BEFORE
I GO TO SLEEP!

YUH
DO?



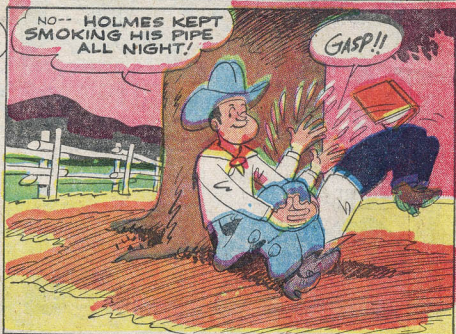
YEP! WHY ONLY LAST
NIGHT I TOOK SHERLOCK
HOLMES TO BED WITH ME
AND I
DIDN'T
SLEEP
A WINK!

WHY, WAS IT
THAT SCAREY?



NO-- HOLMES KEPT
SMOKING HIS PIPE
ALL NIGHT!

GASP!!



THE PUEBLOS



IN THE WESTERN PART OF AMERICA A STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS CALLED PUEBLOS EXIST. THEY LIVE IN ADOBE BUILDINGS THAT ARE MADE OF CLAY BRICKS DRIED IN THE SUN.



THE ADOBE DWELLING BUILT IN THREE AND FOUR TIERS CAN BE ENTERED BY CLIMBING LADDERS TO TERRACES AND ROOF AND THEN DESCENDING THROUGH TRAP DOORS.



THE PUEBLOS HAVE DANCES TO INVOKE ALL SORTS OF FAVORS OF THEIR GODS. THE DANCE, SOMETIMES, IS A PRAYER FOR A GOOD CROP OF COLTS OR, PERHAPS, FOR A SUCCESSFUL SEASON OF HORSE TRADING.



THE WOMAN'S WORK CONSISTS MAINLY IN GRINDING MEAL BETWEEN STONES, THE BAKING OF BREAD IN BEEHIVE-SHAPED OVENS AND THE RAISING OF THE CHILDREN.

DESCRIPTIVE DEBBINS



(MOAN, MOAN)

JUMPING LIZARDS, LOOK AT POOR HALLEY!



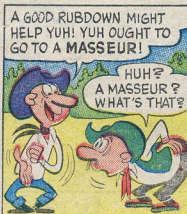
GOSH, HALLEY, WHAT'S AILING YUH?

(GROAN) MY BACK, DEBBINS, IT'S KILLING ME!



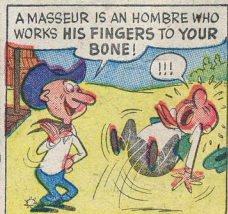
YOUR BACK? TSK, TSK, THAT'S TOO BAD!

(GROAN) IT HURTS SO MUCH I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP!



A GOOD RUBDOWN MIGHT HELP YUH! YUH OUGHT TO GO TO A MASSEUR!

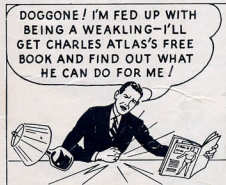
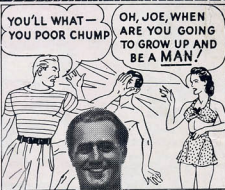
HUH? A MASSEUR? WHAT'S THAT?



A MASSEUR IS AN HOMRE WHO WORKS HIS FINGERS TO YOUR BONE!

!!!

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest size, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep,

bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE... My 32-Page Illustrated Book
Not \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages, packed with photographs, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do; answers vital questions. Book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-Q, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-Q
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.



MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN MAKE MONEY TOO!



RADIO



ROY ROGERS FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES FISHING KIT



RADIUM DIAL POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER STRAP BAG



SPORTS EQUIPMENT



WALKING DOLL



JET ENGINE PLANE FLIES 500 FEET!



TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS' OR GIRLS BICYCLE



TYPEWRITER



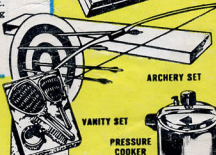
WHITE ZIPPER BIBLE



CHEMISTRY SET



RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR SCOUTS



ARCHERY SET



PRESSURE COOKER



JEWELRY SET



UKELELE WITH ARTHUR GOODEY PLAYER



WOODBURNING SET

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U. Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos On 15 Days TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME.....AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

TOWN.....Zone.....STATE.....

SEND NO MONEY!... We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois